

Excerpts from the November 2000 MIND

The Newsletter of

[Central Indiana Mensa](#)

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Kudos to Robin Bethel for typing this issue in electronic format.

PUBLISHING STATEMENT

Central Indiana Mensa, a Local Group of American Mensa Ltd., publishes MIND monthly. Mensa, a not-for-profit organization open to all persons scoring in the 98th percentile on a standardized intelligence test, neither endorses nor opposes the opinions reported in MIND, which remain those of the individual contributors.

CONTRIBUTION GUIDELINES

MIND accepts contributions from all interested parties, with preference for publication going to members of Central Indiana Mensa. Contributions should reach the Editor's postal box **50946, Indianapolis, IN 46250** at least twenty days before the 1st day of the publication month. Materials must take the form of **legible written copy and/or camera-ready art. Please do not submit items on magnetic media.** Contributions may undergo editing for length and to eliminate patently offensive remarks, including personal attacks. The Editor must know the name of any contributor before publication; however, he will withhold that name from the public on request.

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George Dunn

As I hope has been made clear during the years of my editorship, this newsletter is not *Pravda*; we do not feature just the good news. My theory has been if you read about a problem here then you'll know it's not just the party line when you see an account of a success.

Well, we've got a problem: we've got no LocSec. No one wishes to take on the job, including moi. Now, this is not a call for volunteers, because the position has to go to one of the recently-elected ExCom, so rest easy on that point. However, there is reason for general concern, because having a Local Secretary is a *requirement* for a viable Group, and while we're not immediately on the edge of the abyss, there is at least a possibility that American Mensa, Ltd could take our 450+ members and our several thousand \$ treasury and parcel them out to other Groups. This would mean no more Meetings, no local RGs, OGs or parties, no MIND.

I'm not trying to be an alarmist, but Groups do fold sometimes.

Now, then, what would be the point of acquainting you with all this unless there was something you could do about it? People join Mensa for different reasons, and only a few of them in the hopes of becoming unpaid administrators.

We have an historical paradigm for the succession of enervated democracies by dictatorships. The first days of a dictator are welcome ones because at last we have somebody to "make the trains run on time," but the price of a dictatorship is No Backtalk, a precious cost to most Mensans.

I've mentioned before how it recharges my batteries as Editor when someone tells me they like the MIND. The LocSec does not get that level of approval, so he or she tends to drain out. Too often, the only critiques a LocSec hears are from members who have beefs and think if the LocSec won't smite their enemies for them, he/she must be one of them him/herself.

The cure for LocSec Repellant, I think, is a healthy dose of Appreciation. This does not prevent the raising of complaints, but it does balance the scales somewhat.

Unlike President, Governor, Mayor and even AMC member, there are no "perks" for a LocSec. Oh, a pompous or venal example might skim the Treasury or exercise his bigotry, but there is nothing much *legitimate* to hope for except an occasional, "nice job."

So while we work this out, how about getting yourselves into the mindset that won't let that "thank you" die on your tongue simply because things could have been sweeter, juicier or better-looking.

* * *

In MIND news, I'm pleased to report that we have a Keeper of the Repository, or whatever title she'd care to use. Peggy Sargent has volunteered to shepherd the archival newsletters. Thanks, Peggy; get back to me about that title.

* * *

By the way, in the absence of a LocSec (see most of the rest of this column), the ExCom has decided that if anyone has the sort of problem he or she would normally take to the LocSec, He/she may, *for the immediate and temporary future*, refer it to the Editor. However, no, I will not be writing the LocSection.

NOLOCSEction
Rush Washburne (with lots of help)

What's this?

This is the **NOLOCSEction** because we have no LocSec. Allow me to explain -

Formerly, we held two simultaneous elections; one for LocSec and another for the rest of the ExCom; before that, the ExCom was chosen by the general membership and they selected the LocSec from that group. We would have preferred to continue to elect the LocSec by direct popular vote, HOWEVER...

No one ran for LocSec. In consequence, we reverted to the previous practice of having the ExCom select the LocSec, BUT...

The process failed. None of the elected ExCom members consented to be the LocSec. This is understandable. It's a big job; a person willing to take it on must have the time to commit to it.

Although no one wants the title, some members have expressed willingness to take on SOME of the LocSec's duties. Nancy White, for instance, has volunteered to cover the MensaPhone.

If we cannot fill this office, it will fall to the RVC or the AMC to deal with the matter any way they can. They might decide to disenfranchise Central Indiana Mensa and reassign its members to different, distant groups.

Therefore I am asking you -every Central Indiana Mensan - to search your hearts to see how you can help. Could you take on a portion of the LocSec's duties? Would you accept the title, given that a significant part of the work would be delegated to others?

We need you. Please help. Talk to any member of the ExCom. They're listed inside the back cover. You can be sure of the serious gratitude of all of us who are trying to keep CIM viable.

Thanks for your consideration.

Russ

LETTERS

MORE ON "RABBI LARRY"

Dear Editor:

I am not Jewish, I am Catholic. I did not finish reading "Rabbi Larry Slashenburn" because I found it offensive, repulsive and insulting. I see nothing humorous in belittling a man of the cloth or in belittling someone's religion. I find it hard to believe that this was not intended, for if it wasn't, why make him a Rabbi? Why not call him a guidance counselor; that's generic enough. Or how about calling him the secret ex-spouse of Ann Landers, or hasn't Dr. L. been smeared enough to suit some people?

As for Rhoda Israelov's letter, if she is willing to "roar" at "Ask Rabbi Larry," and then admit to it, it is not surprising that she might have trouble remembering to have a couple of quarters. I agree with her manicurist.

Grow up!

Paul A. Pangallo DDS.

[Good to hear once more from our often absent but always impassioned contributor, but there's no need to declare one's religious affiliation to get space in MIND; the right to comment on "Rabbi" Larry is not reserved to the am ha-Sefer.

Inasmuch as Dr. P. indicates he didn't actually read the article before forming his opinion of it, I think it fair to clarify that Ann Landers, although she is Jewish and her real name is Lederer, is not the "Dr. L." Rhoda referred to. Speaking of Rhoda, I know of no way that a person's sense of humor correlates with the amount of pocket change she carries.

*Responding to this micro-tempest **generally**, and without impugning the sincerity of any particular person, I note that an unfortunate appendage of our "P.C." culture is that some people have become invested in outrage: they rate their enlightenment by how offended they can be at a piece of information rather than by how well they understand it. One thinks, perforce, of the civil servant who was fired for using the word "niggardly" in describing a budget. (It means "miserly.") - Ed.]*

MORE ON COFFEE

To the Editor:

Coffee is known to contain the highly addictive drug caffeine. Caffeine is not found in natural waters and it remains intact through grinding, percolating, frothing, and human consumption and elimination. Based on these premises water quality experts in King County, Washington thought it would be an ideal tracer to track pollution and locate sanitary sewer leaks and overflows in the Seattle area.

Unfortunately caffeine was found in every water sample collected, even those drawn from 460 feet down in Puget Sound. Researchers also discovered higher concentrations at certain times of the day. Caffeine readings jumped to eight (8) times normal levels between 8:00 and 8:30 in the morning.

Experts suggest that caffeine gets into the ground water and storm sewer system when motorists, pedestrians, and sidewalk vendors dump their coffee rather than from massive leaks in the sanitary sewer system of public urination. Researchers now use fluorescent dye to track pollution.

Ken Kleist
Kokomo, IN

MORE ON MILLIONAIRES

About the same number of people as are eligible for Mensa are millionaires, 2% of the population.

Less than one tenth of millionaires have five million.

So five times as many people are eligible for Intertel (top 1%) as have five million.

And only twice as many people have five million as are eligible for Triple Nine (99.9th percentile).

A survey of those with only a million showed only 95 of them considered themselves wealthy; most of them considered themselves "well off," not "very well off." Asked how much they would need to consider themselves wealthy,

they said "five million."

The number of people with five million is the same as the number of decalred bankruptcy last year.

About one in seven people have no health insurance, 13%; about one third of those are children, 14 million. So about 6 times as many people have no health insurance as are millionaires, and about 70 times as many people have no health insurance as have five million.

Bob Thomas

RVC.Comm

by Will Steinke

Deborah and I just got back from the Wisconsin Regional Gathering (RG). It was excellent - good programs, fine food and a wonderful dance. Roger Anhalt, the RG Chair, proved once again that leading Mensans is not like herding cats. Mensans will always rise to the occasion, once the goal is defined. He showed that an RG Chair is a mixture of organizational skills and people skills and knowing the difference. He also led by example; in other words, he worked like a dog along with the other volunteers. The year his team had to work a little harder because it lost its hospitality chair two months before the event. However, they pulled together to make lemons into lemonade. People stepped in when and where needed making a seemingly disastrous situation disappear into a seamless effort. Good job, Wisconsin-or to borrow a phrase, "On Wisconsin."

Speaking of teams, how is your local group's National Testing Day (NTD) shaping up? Is you group signed up, have test locations been lined up, have you been working with the National Office to contact the media to get outlets lined up, have you contacted prospective members about where and when the test will be held, and has this information appeared in your local newsletter? This year the NTD will be held November 11 (Veteran's Day). Let us all pull together and make this the biggest recruitment effort ever.

Just a reminder, after NTD is the Mensa Education and Research Foundation's (MERF) scholarship contest. Just a few more questions. Who is your local group's scholarship chair, do you know where to get applications for the contest, have local schools been contacted? Please remember, besides giving out money, this is another media event where Mensa can be shown in its best light.

Please ask your Loc Sec or NTD contact and/or your scholarship chair how you can help. Thank you.

Until next time, have fun and be safe.

Will

BASIL

By Basil Wentworth

157 - COUTURE SHOCK II

Men's Wear

The pants are the first thing to burst

When the middle-aged gentleman's cursed
With a middle too vast.
To make the pants last,
You must make both the coat and vest first.

The vest (also known as the waist coat)
Is a sort of an always-in-taste coat,
But its uses are few,
Even when it is new,
So it ought to be known as a waste coat.

He said, "It is chic and it's chaste.
Nehru jackets are always in taste.
But his wife said, "My dear,
It's been many a year
That you've not had a Nehru waist."

Of all the strange-looking things God
Created on Earth, the most odd
Is the foot of a man --
Its unsightly plan
Gives us proof that man's fit to be shod.

My tailor sews steady and stout,
Takes my clothes in, and then lets them out.
Top to toe, front to rear -
An amusing career,
Which keeps him in stitches, no doubt.

* * * * *

The frugal male shopper's one who
Can make the two garments do:
Coat and pants, skip the vest -
There's no need for the rest
If only he buys the two.

Fiction by Dom Jervis

Not This Time - Part II

The pounding was real; someone seemingly trying to splinter my door.
It was not just another symptom of the delirium tremens that had
become my life rattle.

At first sight, I knew exactly why this stranger was here, and there
was no sending him away. He just wanted to speak his piece, but I
wish he would not have had to see me this way. Yet he did not seem
to care, as though seeing those whose pasts were brighter than the
futures was common to him.

"I don't know how to thank you," he said, tears welling up in his
eyes, with a gaze as though he were in the presence of an icon.
Hardly.

"How did you find me?"

"You left a quarter at the scene. Mom saved it in a handkerchief
and gave it to me. She said it was my good luck charm. I only
handled it by its edges, and had the fingerprints traced back to
your military records."

"How is she? Rather, how are they?" I inquired. His sudden pallor and downward glance immediately made me wish I could have pulled the words back.

"They're all gone. In 1970, Mr. Frykowski murdered Ms. Folger when she tried to end their relationship, then took his own life. Mr. Sebring died from AIDS in 1982. Mr. LaBianca had a heart attack in 1971. His wife died a year later; couldn't live without him."

"What about your mother?"

"She and my baby sister died in childbirth in 1974. Both bled to death."

My thoughts on this irony were quickly supplanted by the fleeting notion that my effort had been for naught. However, the proof that I was wrong stood before me.

"So, are you an actor?"

"No, my family dissuaded me from that."

"Then what do you do for a living," I asked.

"I'm a thoracic surgeon, specializing in heart-lung transplants. I've performed more than one hundred of them."

Too bad he didn't do livers, I initially thought. Then, I doubted whether that would even be of any use to me now.

"Sir, how and why did it happen?" Here it was, the moment that justified my very existence, which I dreaded ever having to tell anyone, even him. Sometimes, benevolent acts are best kept in anonymity.

"One day, I saved a young boy from drowning. His grandfather, an Oriental man with a mysterious and powerful aura, asked how he could repay me and wouldn't accept 'That's not necessary' for an answer. He said, 'You seem to be a man who has experienced much in life, and perhaps have made decisions that you wish you could change. Close your eyes and think back to such a moment.' I let my heart overrule my head and decided to humor him. Since I figured the changing any one of the myriad bad choices I'd made wouldn't matter one whit, that it would still leave me the pathetic wretch that stands before you, I thought, 'I wish I could have prevented the Tate/LaBianca murders.'"

"When I said, 'Okay, I'm thinking of such an instance,' he continued, 'Now, envision yourself possessing everything you will need in this situation.' I imagined wearing black clothes and holding enough weapons to make Rambo look like a Brownie. I said, 'Okay, I am.' While still thinking this was all a joke, or at best a charade I would gut out to make the old man feel better, I heard him chant, his words growing in volume and intensity, then a clap of thunder like I'd never heard before, and there I was!"

"Buy why did you choose that event?"

"Your mother knew she was a very beautiful woman and made no apology for sharing her beauty with the world. The fact that she was carrying a baby at this time, along with the fact that she was almost murdered by a man who not only wasn't good enough to take out her trash, but would inspire a cultlike following that would last

for decades, was simply unacceptable to me."

"Charles 'Tex' Watson?"

"No, Charles Manson."

"Who's he? I've never heard of him."

"Forget it. It's not important."

"It's just too bad Steven Parent couldn't be saved."

"I was not allowed to intervene until someone was endangered, which didn't happen until the first shot was fired. Adherence to that rule was a condition of my having that opportunity, and was not negotiable. One cannot punish another solely for intent."

"I don't know what to say. It's only because of you that I was born. I just wis that I could help you somehow."

"You can't, but I do appreciate the thought."

"Were you in this condition before you went back?"

"No. I had thought that, once the situation had been changed, I would immediately rejoin the present, but the joke was on me. It was strictly a one-way ticket. Before, I had been a white-collar drone who had been able to legally avoid the draft. The second time around, I wasn't so lucky. I was wounded in Vietnam, became hooked on painkillers and turned to alcohol when the Army cut off the medicine that got me through the day."

"So you're worse off because you tried to save us?"

"I would do it again. It's not as though my prior life was utopian. I just swapped one form of pain for another."

"If nothing else, please accept this as a token of my appreciation."

The shopping bags he handed me contained twelve quart bottles of Jack Daniels, enough to last me almost two weeks, maybe. How he knew that was my beverage of choice I did not know, nor did I particularly care.

"Thank you. This will save me a few bucks until I get my next disability check."

"If I can be of any help, here's my card. I play golf with a liver specialist."

"Thanks, but don't wait by your phone."

"No, thank you, sir! May God bless you!"

That was nice of him. Now I know that, next time I sneeze, I've got one in the bank. I waited until he left to open one of the bottles. Half of it was gone in seconds. Yes, good old Jack, the only friend I had left.

I opened the window to let in the sounds of my neighborhood, the city's underbelly. As I watched him drive away, I raised the bottle again.

"Heart/lung transplants, eh? God bless you, Paul Richard Polanski!
And thanks for proving that it mattered that I was!"

As I gulped a big, hearty swig to toast his long and successful
life, I thought, "Maybe it was going to be a good day, after all."

To Keep In MIND

Upcoming Gatherings and Events

November 3-5, *Mind Flop* Virginia Beach Resort Hotel
and Covention
Center, 2800 Shore Drive, Virginia Beach, VA 23451; (800) 468-2722
www.virginiabeachresort.com/. ;rooms \$67-\$87; Registration \$50 (\$90
for couples) contact Dave Gunderlach, PO Box 34, Norfolk, VA 23501;
(757) 440-0275 davjoy@norfolk.infi.net.

November 23-26 *Feast of Pleasures and Delights XXII*
Dallas Mariot
Quorum, 14901 Dallas Parkway, Dallas, TX (800) 811-8664 or (972)
661-2800; rooms \$62; Registration \$40 to 11/15, \$45 after; contact
Ron Wheeler, 3010 Ridgeview Lane, Irving, TX 75062; (972) 252-4610

December 1-2 *The Reel Cincinnati RG* [formerly
Millennium Madness]
Comfort Inn & suites, 11440 Chester Road, Cincinnati, OH 45246;
(513) 771-3400; rooms \$39.95; Registration %55 to 10/31, \$60 after,
contact C. E. Reutter, 515 Lafayette Ave, Cincinnati, OH 45220;
(513) 861-3851 ReutterCE@aol.com [Note change from Andy Badger]

2001

February 2-4 *Richmond UG*, Holiday Inn, 5501 National Road
East,
Richmond, IN 47374; (765) 966-7511; early registration \$25; Greg
Crawford 8262 Sobax Dr, Indianapolis, IN 46268-1728; (317) 872-3749
or POB 50946, Indianapolis 46250

March 23-25 *Dayton, Ohio* [This RG was formerly held the
second
weekend in June] Contact Nita Fields, 3616 Galser Ave, Dayton, OH
45429-4114; (937) 298-0024 Needtoread@aol.com

March 30 - April 1 *Grand Illusions*, Ramada Inn Six
Flags, I-44 and
Allentown Rd, Box 999, Eureka MO 63025, (636) 938-6661; Registrar
Ann Seward, 4466 W. Pine Blvd. Apt 16E, St. Louis, MO 63108; (314)
535-4727; AJ1120@canoemail.com

July 3-8, *North Texas Mensa AG* Registration \$55 to 1/31/01;
Debbie
Kittenbacher, (972) 669-8436. Send registration to American Mensa
Ltd. 1229 Corporate Drive West, Arlington, TX 76006-6103.
AG.us.mensa.org

2002

July 3-7, *Phoenix AG*

2003

July 2-6, Chicago AG?

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